

Bring Me Home. by orphan_account

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Summary:

You knew something was wrong when you went to meet Jonathan at his car and it was gone, the remains of something scattered across the ground. It took you a while to find where he had hidden himself away from the world but when you did, all you wanted was to make sure he knew you were there for him.

Bring Me Home.

For you it had been a day like any other, school had gone slowly but you managed to get through it with the knowledge that after school you'd be able to spend time with your boyfriend without people sticking their noses into your business. The other students loved gossip more than anything so when news spread that resistant creep and weirdo Jonathan Byers had by some miracle gotten himself a girlfriend, well everyone was talking about it for weeks. Even when his brother went missing everyone still decided that your relationship was a more interesting topic at hand, which obviously upset Jonathan and you made the decision to keep away from each other while at school.

You hadn't seen him for the whole day, that wasn't unusual because you didn't have any of the same classes but what was unusual was how his car wasn't where it usually was when you walked out of school. Usually he would wait for you and then give you a lift home or to his house where you would study together. You frowned at the empty space and looked around, glancing down to the floor where you saw little pieces of something broken. It didn't cause any red alarms in your mind and you just walked away, going to find one of your friends in the hopes they could drive you.

His house was in a more deserted part of town, it took a while of driving down abandoned gravel roads surrounded by trees before you arrived there. Your friend gave you an annoyed look as you hopped out of her car and thanked her for driving, she just told you she hoped she would be able to find her way back home before reversing out of the drive and disappearing out of sight. You watched until her car vanished before turning and walking up the drive to Jonathan's house.

"Jon?" You knocked on the front door and took a step back, he had gotten you a key to the house in case of emergencies and because you were there so much you were practically like family but you still weren't totally comfortable just bursting into his home invited. "Miss Byers?" You called after getting no reply, you almost called out for

Will but quickly bit your tongue before you made that mistake. Jonathan's car was in the driveway so you knew he was at home, why he wasn't answering though was a whole other mystery.

The thought then hit you that maybe something had happened, something with Will or his mom. He could be so private with his feelings that it took you having to pester him to get him to tell you what was wrong, if something bad had happened then you wouldn't be the first person he went to; you tried not to feel hurt and instead just acknowledged that was just now it was.

You reached into your bag and rummaged around until you found the key he had gotten you, unlocking the front door before opening it up and stepping inside. Despite the house being small and pretty messy nowadays you still loved it, it felt more like home than your actual house did. You put your bag down on the kitchen table amongst all the missing posters Jonathan had made, noticing his bag was on one of the dining room chairs. So he was here, where though was the question.

Your first instinct was to check his room, first you knocked and waited for some indication that he was in there. When nothing returned you pushed the door open and peered into the empty room. It didn't look any different than it usually did, still you walked inside and tried to spot any clues as to whether Jonathan had been in there. You were about to give up before you glanced next to his bed and noticed the empty space where his headphones and cassette player usually lay. He didn't take them into school for the fear of getting them stolen or broken so you knew he had them.

After that you checked in the rest of the rooms but to no avail, he wasn't in the house and you couldn't think where else he could be. His home was surrounded by miles and miles of forest so if he was to have gone in there how on earth were you meant to find him?

A dawning realisation came over you and you knew exactly where he would be. Before you left you went into his kitchen and rummaged around for something to bring as a snack, the cupboards were verging on empty as neither Jonathan or Joyce had really taken the time to go grocery shopping and had instead committed all their time to looking for Will. You grabbed your bag, slung it over your shoulder

and walked out back before walking towards the forest.

Jonathan was sat within Castle Byers, the fort his brother had made a while ago. He had been invited in a few times and while it was too small for him to comfortably fit inside of, nowadays he wanted any reminder of his brother that he could and for him this was one of the best ways.

He had his headphones on blasting his current favourite song so the sounds of your footsteps edging closer and closer were unbeknownst to him. It wasn't until the shadow of you crouching down in front of the fort caught his eye and he looked up that he realised you were here. Jonathan's first instinct was to ask you what you were doing, how did you find him, why you were here? Instead of asking any of them he just calmly removed his headphones and let them hang around his neck, licking his lips nervously as you started to crawl inside.

"Mind if I join you?" You asked despite being inside all ready, it took some adjusting but you quickly got yourself comfortable with your legs crossed and your bag laying down beside you. You laid your hands in your lap and looked across to Jonathan who looked like he wanted to say something but didn't.

Jonathan stayed quiet for a few minutes, wondering whether or not he should tell you about what happened at school with his camera. He understood why Steve had broken it, he didn't agree with it but he understood why someone who was that entitled and full of themselves would like to create a scene like that. Jonathan also knew he shouldn't have taken the photos he did, whether it was spite or annoyance that took over him when he saw the people his age having fun and partying while he was out looking for his brother didn't matter, he understood but still was allowed to be upset by it.

"My camera got broken." Jonathan admitted in that same sad voice, you knew how much that camera meant to him and how much better it made him feel when he could document things so it was no wonder he disappeared without saying a word. You knew how he could be, didn't like people seeing him upset because he had to be strong; now more than ever.

“I’m sorry.” You had a feeling you could guess who the culprits of breaking his camera were, Jonathan was too careful to just damage it himself and you’d heard about the people who had been whispering rumours about him. It took all you had not to go over and yell at them, scream about how selfish and awful they were for picking on someone who just had their twelve year old brother vanish out of the blue and then have the nerve to make rumours up like Jonathan had killed him. It didn’t surprise you one bit that something like this could have happened, you could only wish it hadn’t.

Without a second thought you pushed your bag out of the fort so there was room for you to extend your legs, then you beckoned Jonathan over. You were relieved to see that Jonathan didn’t try to convince you he was okay or didn’t need to be held, with everything going on in his life he was expected to keep himself together but you knew he was struggling and sometimes he needed a break.

Jonathan scooted closer to you before laying down and then resting his head on your lap, your hands immediately went to his soft brown mop of hair, combing your fingers comfortingly through the strands in a way that made him sigh softly and cuddle closer to your thighs.

He was so overcome with guilt: guilt for taking those photos of Nancy, guilt for not making sure Will got home safe, guilt for dragging you into all this mess. But for now, he felt peaceful, for the first time in days he allowed himself to relax and even humour the idea that everything was going to be okay.